GRAND RAPIDS HERALD

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Business Offices 031
Editorial Rooms 180

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

DAILY and SUNDAY, One Year $6.00
DAILY and SUNDAY, Three Months 1.50
SUNDAY, One Year 2.00
WEEKLY, One Year 1.00

The weather today will be cloudy, with variable winds.

HIS JUST DESERTS.

After a trial lasting a month in the recorder's court in New York, a jury of twelve men returned a verdict that Carlyle Harris was guilty of murder in the first degree when he gave to his wife, a young girl yet at school, a prescription for morphine, which she took with fatal results. Harris was a medical student in a New York college. He met the daughter of Mrs. Helen Potts and paid her marked attentions. The girl's parent was suspicious that his intentions were not honorable and he was denied entrance to her home. Opposition intensified his purpose to win the girl—not as an honorable wife—and he prevailed upon her to secretly marry him. The marriage was consummated and the girl wife and her husband continued their studies in their respective schools. The unsuspecting school girl wife in the course of time discovered that nature had asserted itself. To save her from scandal and himself from censure the husband resorted to his knowledge of drugs and surgery. A second time she was brought face to face with a new life and a second time her husband administered to her powerful drugs. While yet she struggled in agony caused by the potions she drank, he was away in a distant city in the society of lewd women where high and unholy orgies were indulged. The mother discovered the fact of the marriage. She learned too that the husband was as reckless of woman's virtue as Nero was devoid of conscience. She demanded a public acknowledgement of the marriage but Harris refused to make it. He tired of the sweet girl whom he had lured to the brink of death twice and joined with boon companions in revelries of shamelessness. She saw him at irregular intervals and into her too willing ears he whispered words of constancy and affection. She believed him, trusted him, loved him. To her, life stretched away into the future with brightness and hope. She adored the man whose heart she believed she held captive. His associations were like a hidden book to her and she lived, as she believed, for him alone. Disease fastened itself upon her. Not a fever nor a contagion—but a disease which sapped away the roses from her cheeks and the lustre from her eyes. In her extremity, ignorant of the nature of the poison coursing through her veins, she appealed to her husband for relief. With dark design and malevolent purpose he wrote a prescription calling for morphine. It would ease her pain. He told her to take a fatal dose. Trustingly, lovingly, she obeyed. Relief came—she died. He concocted a well laid story to escape the consequences, but it failed. He is now in a murderers cell. Neither money nor friends could prevail to prejudice the jury, and broken-hearted mothers and fathers may take hope that ruined and murdered daughters will not sleep in death unavenged.

RIVER IMPROVEMENT.

The common council of the city of Richmond, Va., has just adopted a resolution appropriating $25,000 to be used in improving the James river. An appropriation of $10,000 for a like purpose on the Grand river is looked upon by some as an extravagant appropriation and yet Richmond's importance as a commercial and manufacturing center is in no respect comparable to Grand Rapids. As an investment, this city could profitably appropriate enough money to deepen the channel of the river from here to Grand Haven. The appreciable benefits of such an improvement would effect everybody in the city and along the river. Bonds carrying a low rate of interest could be issued and sold to realize money. To such a scheme the objection would be raised that the city is already heavily bonded and the resultant taxation is burdensome. But it is a foregone conclusion that nothing will be done by the present congress for improving the river and there is no assurance that anything will be done by the succeeding one. If anything is done in the course of the next five years, it must be done by this city and the several counties through and by which the stream courses. If a city of no greater commercial importance than Richmond can afford to spend $25,000 for improving the James, Grand Rapids can afford to spend $250,000 for the Grand.

NEWBERG'S SENTENCE.

Judge Burlingame gave Fred Newberg a severe sentence yesterday when he sent him to prison for thirty-six years. Sometimes one questions the justice of judicial sentences and is led to wonder whether wilful killing is not a lesser crime than robbery, or even criminal assault. In the case of Newberg it appears that he committed a violent assault upon and against the person of one whom he was attempting to rob. It does not appear that he inflicted great bodily harm, but upon the theory that he "is a bad man to have around" aggravated by his bold crime and attempted crimes, the judge sentenced him to a term, practically amounting to a life confinement. Henry Boyd, a legless tramp, in the heat of passion, drove a dagger home to the heart of an unknown companion. He was "a bad man to have around" and his case was aggravated by actual shedding of human blood. At the end of ten years, for that was his sentence, he will be released from prison to prey upon society again. John Egan, in a cold-blooded, heartless manner, kicked the life from the body of a rival for a girl's hand, William O'Connor, and left his mutilated corpse in the street while he continued in the revels of a dance. He was "a bad man to have around," but he too will have his freedom in ten years. Joseph Sweeney outraged a prattling child after enticing her into the shelter of the woods. He was sent to prison for ten years. Charles B. Norton, for a like offense received a like sentence. Both of these were "bad men to have around," but they will be free again before Newberg has served one-third of his time in prison. One cannot look upon the sentence of Newberg's, in view of those mentioned, without feeling that it is a very severe one. Still the motives prompting it should not be questioned for Judge Burlingame is a merciful man and one whose judgment is unquestionably sound. There will be those, however, who will think that justice sometimes takes a squint from behind the hoodwink and permits a momentary impulse to sway the judgment.

SPRINGER'S wool bill has been considered by the democratic members of the ways and means committee. The members were very harmonious, but no two of them agreed as to the scope and limit of the changes that ought to be made in the present law. Some of them thought that the duties on manufactured goods should be regulated on a sliding scale. If they shall continue to tinker with the wool section most of them will test the operation of a sliding scale arrangement at the November election. The people are satisfied with the present law and the best way to change it, is not to change it all.

"SELECTED and elected" is the title of a book sent out by T. J. Williamson as a "Warning to the People" of "Impending Home trouble" and "Jerusalem Crickets." It is liberally embellished with requests to read stamped in red ink on the corners. Upon a cursory examination it appears to consist of detached portions of the Bible strung together in an incongrous manner and is evidently intended to scare the reader into heaven.

IN the little town of Burns, near Buffalo, N. Y., the ladies held a kissing bee to raise funds to buy coal for the church. The old deacons were enraptured with the osculatory entertainment and silver quarters were invested at a lively rate. Their wives grew jealous, raised a rumpus and the bee was stopped. Burns will be supplied with greater warmth, however, as the kisses netted enough to buy several tons of coal.

Two of the men who libeled Senator Quay are sentenced to pay $600 fine each and to remain in jail for six months. Now if Mr. Quay will continue his prosecutions until the New York World and other wealthy papers are "cinched" the public will begin to believe that he is not so big a thief and all-round rascal as it now does.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL says "the newspapers did nothing but lie" about him while he was on his African trip. It must be gratifying to a man to have the entire press of two hemispheres devoting its entire time to him to the exclusion of news and all other matter, even if the statements were not exactly correct.

AN Iowa tailor laughed himself to death, but just what was the cause of his laughter is not stated. A tailor never smiles but twice, once when a suit is ordered and a long time afterwards when it is paid for. Why this tailor laughed will remain a mystery.

ALMON S. TINKER, the newly elected grand master of the A. O. U. W., is a prominent and successful merchant of Jackson. He is a man of fine executive ability, careful business habits and watchful of every interest intrusted to his care. He will make an excellent officer for that very excellent order.

VILLAGE PRESIDENT TELLER of Tekonsha was married to Mrs. Cora Clark last night, and guests attended the ceremony at a uniform price of twenty cents a head. Marriage under such circumstances ought not to be a failure unless the office receipts were ridiculously small.

IN the February number of the North American Review Congressman Springer tells "How to Attack the Tariff." William has been attacking it for several years; but it doesn't seem to have suffered any from his assaults.

THREE Pullman porters have been arrested for selling liquor to travelers while passing through the state of Kansas. Probably the next porter who has any trouble will buy the state and do as he pleases with it thereafter.

JUDGING from the drift of the straws General Alger is about the most luminous and conspicuous figure in the political arena in which the gladiators are now parrying for convention honors.

JAMES G. BLAINE was 62 years of age Monday, February 1. His public career has been one of the most brilliant in our annals.

TO THOSE who have charged that the investigation of Dr. Wright is a political persecution, the revelations made by Alderman O'Donnell in pumping Comptroller Vandenberg yesterday before the committee will be taken as a bitter pill.

MAYOR PINGREE of Detroit, fell and broke his arm in Cleveland yesterday. The mayor can stir up the street railway company with the other arm, however, so his efficiency from an official standpoint will not be impaired.

FRED NEWBERG might as well make his will. He will shortly enter upon a living death in Jackson prison, from which there is no escape but in the genuine article itself.

IT will be cheering news to the postal clerks to hear that there is a likelihood that the five-cent house will need their petitions and reorganize the mail service.

BUTTE, Montana, claims to produce more copper than the entire state of Michigan. Butte, she ought to; there's more copper there to produce.

AMUSEMENTS.

Powers—Modjeska.

An audience large and intelligent and wholly commensurate with the occasion, heard Modjeska in that somewhat sombre play "Marie Stuart," last night. In this drama Schiller has most skillfully and successfully adapted the facts of history to the stage. Marie Stuart is the central figure, and the story of her hapless life predominates through the five acts. It is an instructive play, valuable enough in its way to be a worthy object lesson in history. To speak of Modjeska and her art, which is matchless in its way, seems superfluous wherever there lives an intelligent play goer. Her art is her own. Her art is exemplary, different from cotemporaries, and absolutely and indisputably her own. This gifted artiste believes that art is more effective than genius; that greater influence can be exerted by the player who applies art, instead of trying to feel the part, to be thoroughly and completely imbued with it. This was certainly exemplified in her acting last evening. In bearing and movement she perfectly satisfied the mind, and the eye as the unfortunate queen of Scots. There was much that was admirable in her calm and yet withal stately manner—every inch the queen which history and tradition has pictured to us. There is in this impersonation an undercurrent of pathos of a most delicate and suitable kind. There is that coloring which at once commands sympathy. It is a morbid play—free from exciting climaxes but there is a subdued and suppressed attention on the part of the auditor which is equal to that unanimous enthusiasm indicated by applause. Sympathy was the applause which Modjeska received. Thus the power of her art. In the company which is notable for nicely balanced work is T. B. Thalberg, who gave an intelligent and clearly defined unfolding of the vacilliating Earl of Leicester. Beaumont Smith's Sir Amias Paulet was very artistic, and admirably consistent in action, speech and make-up. Faithful and well-tried John A. Lane, who is indeed a familiar figure to this stage; was entrusted with Burleigh. As such he was dignified, firm and discriminate—such a characterization as could be looked for from an experienced, legitimate player. Howard Kyle was a dashing, persistent, fearless and graceful Mortimer, and Kate Meek played Queen Elizabeth in a manner that was in every way satisfying, taking an intelligent advantage of everything that the role suggested. Tonight the engagement will close with "Macbeth," Modjeska enacting Lady Macbeth and John A. Lane the title part.

General Mention.

If you have not heard of the special matinee at Redmond's tomorrow afternoon, the ladies of the Home and Aid society will gently remind you. It is for their benefit.

That very pleasing comedian and entertaining warbler, Chas. L. Ellis, will be seen at Redmond's next week in "Casper the Yodler."

Local followers of music, and they are legion, are fondly anticipating the appearance of Schwarcka, the great pianist, at Hartman's hall next Monday evening.

Stual & Robbe's company are doing well at Smith's this week. Matinees are announced for tomorrow and Saturday.

There will be a "The Paymaster" matinee at Redmond's today.

MY HUSBAND'S COUSIN.

I led the gayest and happiest of lives until I was twenty. Then my father died suddenly, and was found, like so many men who are supposed to be rich during life, to have left almost nothing. My mother did not survive his death very long, and I was left alone in the world, so far as near relatives were concerned.

I sent at once for Cousin Rachel Armstrong, the resource of all her kindred when they were in trouble, and she promptly responded to my call, as she did to all demands on her good nature. It was at this juncture that Mr. Laurence, my father's lawyer and most intimate friend, very unexpectedly asked me to marry him. At first, I was too much astonished to reply; but, as I grew more accustomed to the idea, it lost its strangeness, and even appealed to me.

I said yes after some hesitation, and we were quietly married within two months of my mother's death. When I first told her of my decision, Cousin Rachel looked grave, and said:

"Are you sure you do not care for Charlie Morris, Helen?"

Charles Morris was a scapegrace cousin of mine, who was studying medicine in Berlin. As soon as he heard of my parents' death he did ask me to marry him; but I would as soon have thought of marrying my pet canary as Charlie—he would have been about as well fitted for the position. We had had many flirtations in the past, but that was a different thing. I answered Charlie's letter telling him of my intentions, and he sent me in return several epistles in which he indulged in histrionics.

Mr. Laurence was very, very kind to me during our year of wedded life, and I was genuinely sorry when, at the expiration of that time, he died, after a brief illness of pneumonia.

When the will was read, everybody's sympathy with me was turned to anger against Mr. Laurence. I was astonished at its contents myself, though I was less angry with my husband than my relatives and friends were. It was a strange will, and not at all the sort I would have expected Mr. Laurence to make. He left me his property, but not unconditionally; in fact, there were two very positive and annoying provisos attached to my enjoyment of his wealth; I must agree to live at Greystone, the old Laurence homestead, for five years after my husband's death, or forfeit two-thirds of the estate, which would in that case go to a distant cousin of his. I must also remain a widow for the same period of time; for, in the event of my remarrying within the five years, I would lose all of the money, which was in that case to revert to the same relative.

I was indignant at the latter clause; for I had fully meant to remain faithful to my husband's memory, and resented the imputation that I might not.

They wanted me to break the will; but this I indignantly refused, although they said I could easily do it. I owed Mr. Laurence a good deal more than he owed me, and I was better off than I had been a year ago. No, I would take my choice of money or independence. I did choose, after some hesitation, and so great was my horror at the thought of poverty that I chose the first, and made my preparations to go to Greystone. Rachel offered to accompany me to my new residence and remain with me there. I was delighted at the prospect of her company, but hesitated to accept what I could not but regard as a sacrifice on her part. She smiled when I put it in this way to her.

"All places are alike to me, my dear Helen; I can be contented anywhere," she answered. "I am twenty-eight years old and have ceased to care for gayeties; it is different with you."

It was spring when we first went to Greystone, and the country was at its loveliest. Solitude in such a beautiful spot seemed very pleasant, and summer was upon us before we realized it. I had two or three intimate friends to visit me, and the season passed quickly and agreeably enough. Then autumn came with its own peculiar charm, and we enjoyed exploring the country under its new aspect. Even the long, quiet winter did not prove unendurable, though I at least drew a little breath of relief when it ended. Rachel did not mind the stillness and loneliness; in fact, I think she rather preferred them. She seemed to have found a peace which stood her in stead of happiness and was not a contemptible substitute for it. I sometimes envied her.

Our life went on so quietly that any unusual incident which served to break its monotony awoke our interest to a degree disproportionate to the magnitude of the event. Perhaps that was why I speculated a great deal over an adventure which befell me in January. I was taking my daily walk alone, Rachel, who always accompanied me, being detained indoors by a bad attack of neuralgia. I had done all I could to make her comfortable and she had dropped into a doze before I started. I have said I was alone; but I should not have used that expression, for I had a companion whose society was a great comfort to me. I forgot to mention one very agreeable adjunct of the establishment at Greystone which I had found there on my arrival; it was a beautiful greyhound, Jupiter by name. He had been the pet dog of Mr. Laurence's cousin, who had made his home with my husband's mother until her death, five years previously. This young man, Wayne Godwin by name, had been abroad ever since, so I had never seen him. He had sent me a letter of condolence when informed by the lawyer of my husband's death and the will making him a possible legatee.

On this particular morning, warmly wrapped up in furs, I walked along, Jupiter bounding at my side, until we reached a wood, whose tall trees, their topmost branches swaying in the wind, looked like giant skeletons waving aloft their skinny arms. As we passed, I noticed the animal gave a start as if alarmed. I laid my hand tenderly on his long nose, while I looked down at him reassuringly. Then I glanced about to see whether I could detect any reason for his fright, and I noticed a stranger coming toward us. He was a good-looking man, well dressed, and newcomers were not an every-day occurrence in our vicinity; but I should probably not have given him a second thought, had it not been for Jupiter's strange conduct. The animal gazed at the approaching figure a few moments, long and earnestly; then made two or three leaps forward, and, before I could recover from my astonishment, was licking his hand, barking, and in canine fashion expressing unmistakable pleasure at the meeting.

I was completely puzzled; for the stranger, after returning Jupiter's affectionate greeting with interest, gave me a rapid glance, lifted his hat and went on his way without a word of explanation. With some difficulty, I restrained the dog from following him, and, burning with indignation at the man's behavior, which seemed to me as peculiar as the four-footed creature's, I continued my walk. I cut my promenade short, however, as soon as I thought it was compatible with my dignity to do so, and hastened to see Rachel. I found her much improved, so I poured out my curious narrative without pause. When I had finished, she merely smiled and made no comment. Almost the only irritating thing about Rachel was her lack of curiosity.

Curiosity, like all emotions of the human mind, dies from lack of food; so, hearing nothing more of the object of Jupiter's interest, I soon ceased to think about him.

Two or three weeks after my encounter, Rachel and I took a walk together. We went in the direction of the village, as my cousin had an errand there, and, on our way, we passed the graveyard on a hill back of the church, where all Mr. Laurence's family were buried. Before we reached our destination, I grew tired, for I was not feeling very well, and Rachel insisted upon my turning back, declaring that she did not mind walking the remainder of the distance alone. I obeyed her, though rather reluctantly, and bent my steps in the direction of home.

It was a dull gray day early in February. The sky was overspread with clouds and the air was full of unshed moisture, making it chill and heavy. I felt cheerless enough, and, when I found myself near the graveyard again, my feet turned toward it almost instinctively. On this particular day, the place, with its silence and gloom and the white stones marking all that was left of many generations once young and gay, like myself, seemed in consonance with my mood. I climbed the hill, entered the churchyard, and picked my way among the graves, until I reached the spot in which all the dead and gone Laurences for more than a century had been buried. A tall marble shaft marked my husband's last resting-place, and, as I stood by it, a sudden sense of the unsatisfactoriness of life came over me. Was there never to be any of that fullness of joy of which I had dreamed, but only the calm resignation that my Cousin Rachel assured me was the best thing in this world? With the restlessness of youth, I rebelled, and two hot tears fell on my husband's grave—tears of selfish repining far more than of real grief. Glancing up at this moment I saw a man approaching. I had been standing in the shadow of a yew tree, and he evidently had not noticed me until that moment, for he started perceptibly as our eyes met. I started, too, for the stranger was no other than the person to whom Jupiter had shown such friendly recognition. There was a moment's pause of embarrassment, then the gentleman lifted his hat and apologized for his appearance.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he said. "I had no intention of intruding, but I did not see that anyone was here until this instant."

"No apologies are necessary," I answered, hastily. "I did not mean to remain here, at any rate." And before he could say anything to prevent me I bowed and walked rapidly away.

As I went I heard him uttering more apologies and disclaimers at my going away, but I paid no heed. I could not help wondering who he was, though, and had curiosity enough to look back when I reached the foot of the hill. He was standing exactly where I had left him, holding his hat in his hand, as if he had bared his head in reverence. Was it possible—the idea had flashed into my head for the first time—could he be my husband's cousin?

I hurried home, hoping Rachel might already have reached there; but she had not, though she appeared soon afterward. In some excitement, I told her about my second meeting with Jupiter's friend, and my conjecture as to his identity. She did not seem so much interested as I thought she ought to be, but busied herself hunting for a book while she listened to me.

"Very likely you may be right," she said, when I expressed my opinion that it must be Wayne Godwin.

"I should like to know my husband's cousin," I remarked, "though Mr. Laurence never said much about him."

"But he may not want to make your acquaintance; he may regard you as an enemy—an interloper."

"Nonsense!" I said; but I concluded to let Mr. Godwin make the first overtures.

Some days later business called me to Philadelphia, and while there I took it into my head to remain some time. I wrote to Rachel of my intention, begging her not to let the fact of my absence be generally known. I began to fear that my husband's cousin was staying in the neighborhood to spy on my actions. Rachel promised to do the best she could, so I finished my visit and returned to Greystone with some friends.

My cousin took this opportunity to go away, knowing I would not be lonely in her absence; and, though I missed her, I was glad she was going to have a change. Hardly had she gone when I received a call. It was from Wayne Godwin. I went down to the stranger whom I had met in my walks. He rose when I entered, and held out his hand.

"May I claim relationship?" he said, cordially. "I ventured to call on that ground, though I had never met you in the regular way, and you had not expressed any desire to see me."

"Oh, yes, I had," I answered, laughing, for all my suspicions had vanished at his tone; and then I told him of my previously spoken wish.

That broke the ice at once, and we became very good friends before his call ended. He came again in a day or two, and we were soon on excellent terms. My house party broke up, but Mr. Godwin still remained in the village. We laughed a good deal over the peculiar terms of my husband's will, though he was kind enough to express some disapproval thereat. He indignantly disclaimed any intention of profiting by its provisions.

"But you couldn't help it," I said. "It depends on me."

"Yes, it depends on you," he answered, thoughtfully.

I told him about my absent cousin and praised her good qualities until he declared, laughingly, that I was insane on the subject. He never had much to say on those occasions, but that was natural, for he did not know my relative, and therefore could not be aware of her perfections.

At last I received a letter from Rachel setting a day for her departure and telling me the train on which she would return, so that I might drive to the station for her. I did not mention to Mr. Godwin that she was coming; I thought it would be pleasant to have them meet unexpectedly—I don't know why, except that I was young and foolish enough to like surprises. The coachman drove me over at the right time, but my cousin did not arrive. There would be another train along in a little while, though not an express, so I let the carriage wait for it, while I walked home. The day was raw and windy and the waiting-room not very comfortable, so I preferred this to remaining. On the way I met Mr. Godwin and we sauntered leisurely on, talking of all sorts of things except Rachel Armstrong's return. I merely explained that I had been to the village.

When we reached the house I went upstairs to remove my wraps and change my dress, leaving my visitor to make himself comfortable in the library. I knew he was perfectly at home there, so I did not hurry over my toilet; in fact, I must have dawdled unconscionably, for when I descended the stairs I saw Rachel had arrived. She did not see me, however, for she was in the library face to face with Wayne Godwin. He had his overcoat on, his hat in one hand, while with the other he grasped a chair as if for support. As for my cousin, she looked a different creature from what I had ever seen her appear. She was pale, too, deathly so, but she stood proudly erect, grasping her umbrella tightly in her gloved fingers, perhaps to steady them. Neither of the two noticed me, and before I could remind them of my presence—if, indeed, I had not been too astonished to do it—Rachel had asked, in a strangely haughty tone:

"May I ask what you are doing here?"

"I beg your pardon," was the almost humble answer. "I did not know you were coming back."

By this time I was in the doorway, and Mr. Godwin came toward me, saying:

"Good-by, Mrs. Laurence. I am going away."

"Going away? And without a word of explanation? I think, as a friend, I have a right to ask—" I began.

"I will write to you and explain, if you will allow me," Mr. Godwin said.

"You may explain here and now, if you wish," interjected Rachel.

My cousin's voice sounded hard and cold, and her face was like a stone.

"Thank you," answered Mr. Godwin, gravely, and then he turned to me and spoke:

"We were lovers once—seven years ago, it was; but I—well, I believed very ill. I did—what you would call flirting, I suppose. A man can't always explain how he is tempted, without throwing the blame on a woman; and no one likes to do that. So we quarreled, and I went away. There is no use in my saying now that I bitterly repented—that I never shall do anything else but repent. There are women so good their very goodness makes them hard. She forgives everybody else, but I suppose she will never forgive me."

All this time he never looked at Rachel, but, when he had ended, turned as if to go. I was watching her, however, and I saw the changes in her face behind its stony mask. I must speak, at all costs.

"She forgives you now," I cried. "You have spoiled each other's life long enough. Don't go on doing so any longer."

Wayne Godwin looked at Rachel then, and something in her face must have awakened hope; for he took a step toward her.

"Is there any possibility of forgiveness, Rachel? If long repentance could avail—"

But my proud, calm cousin was sobbing quietly in a chair, and I thought it was time for me to go. When I came back, the breach of years was healed, and I found my husband's cousin ready to be claimed as my own. They were married very soon—they had waited long enough, Wayne said—and we all made our home together. The happy pair would not leave me, for they declared they owed their happiness to me; so we staid at Greystone.

Charlie Morris has come back from Germany. He is much improved and is getting a good practice. Perhaps when the five years are ended—but, in any case, there is no danger of my losing my money through "My Husband's Cousin."—Anna M. Dwight, in Boston Budget.

EARLY DAYS OF TELEGRAPHY.

The Wonder with Which People Regarded the Great Discovery.

I was at Baltimore when the Clay convention met. I participated in the whig national convention of ratification at Baltimore, May 2, 1844, says a writer in the San Francisco Chronicle. In company with the delegates from Maine we left Baltimore on either the 3d or 4th of May for Washington. On our arrival at the station, twenty miles from Baltimore, the train stopped for wood and water. There was a small building opposite the train. A man announced from the door that, if the passengers would gather around the building, in less than five minutes he would give us the first message from Washington over the telegraph wire.

He adjusted the instrument, which was in front of the window, which was open. We soon heard the ticking of the instrument, and then the operator read from the strip of paper the message, which I do not remember. We gave three cheers for Henry Clay and the telegraph.

The operator said he would send this dispatch:

"The cars have just arrived from Baltimore. The passengers gave three cheers for Harry Clay and the telegraph."

We then proceeded to Washington. On our way telegraphing was the general topic. The writer remembers well that one delegate, who has since been a member of the cabinet, remarked: "They may make it work this distance, but it will never reach Baltimore." Another delegate said it was all bosh; they could not make him believe any such trash. On reaching Washington there was a crowd at the capitol. The writer, as well as most of the passengers, went there. Some one read from the front of the building several telegrams from the other end of the line.

HAVING A HEADACHE.

One of the Great Differences Between Men and Women.

It's funny the different ways men and women have headaches, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. A woman has a headache and she walks around the house with it wrapped up in a handkerchief dipped in bay rum, and she scolds the servants, administers punishment to the child that don't need it, and wonders what in the world she ever got married for, and wishes she were dead, and then has a cup of tea about every three-quarters of an hour. She says she is letting it "wear off," but it's the family who endure the wearing process, and until a headache has become nothing but a memory the entire establishment endures it. When a man gets a headache he comes home and announces that he is going to die; and then he goes to bed, has the doctor sent for, takes whatever he gives him, groans and makes a great time generally, gets the sympathy of the entire household, and day after to-morrow is quite well and ready to go down town and tell how near he came to dying, what a close call he had, and how only the skill of the doctor and the nursing of his wife saved him. Now the man is decidedly the best. He gets rid of the cause of the headache, and as the entire household has been mourning "Poor papa" he has their sympathy. The woman just lets the headache go away, irritates and upsets everybody, and it is certain that it will come back another day. Why are the women such geese? Why, when they feel ill, don't they just have it out by going to bed and making the best of it? It is a much more sensible way and much more satisfactory. Headaches are absolutely skeletons in some houses because they bring so much terror with them.

A Silver Question.

Ponsonby—Heigho! every silver lining has its cloud.

Popinjay—Yes. You can't earn a quarter dollar without working for it.—Jewelers' Circular.

—Professor (about to have his hair cut)—"Dumnerwetter! how cold it is! You will allow me to keep my hat on, won't you?"—Hinkende Bote Kalender.